

The French man gull'd of his Gold

O R

A warning for whore-busters.

Showing how a French man newly come into England, to see the fashion of our country, fell in Love with a Night walking Lady, saying he had two hundred peices in gold about him, which rejoyced this Ladies heart to hear, so after some words between them he gives her the gold in her Lap, she promises to have him to her Chamber, has him to a Tavern door on the street side and bids him stay there while she went in to c ear her Chamber which he willing too, she marches through the house at a back door into an Alley where she left the French man to shift for himself, which was but a sorry shift, which is as followeth.

To the Yune of a Fig for France,



Come all you gallants listen well:
A merry jest I will you tell
'Tis of a Frenchman and a whore
The like you never heard before,
The jest was acted so compleat
'Twill make you laugh till you do sweat
Then French men take a special care
How you do trade with English ware.

A French man as it doth appear
Did come to try his fortune here
And with his brags he did unfold
He had two hundred pound in gold
With Baron Werling did he
Walk through the streets most gallantly
With a Spurr and Rapier by his side
As if he were a God of pride.

Then in a rage he deeply swore
He would go for an English whore
The Moon it seemed to shine bright
Which made him walk with great delight
Into Moor-fields he took his way
Where he espied a Lady gay,
Whom say the English hates the French
But he know that by this same wench.

Then unto her he stepped fast
And these same words he did relate
Quodams quoth he and please your will
To let me have of you my fill
And if to me you will agree
I will be bountiful and free,
I'd have you know the Lady said
I am no whore but still a maid.

The French man gull'd of his Gold

O R

A warning for whore-busters.

Showing how a French man newly come into England, to see the fashion of our country, fell in Love with a Night walking Lady, saying he had two hundred peices in gold about him, which rejoyced this Ladies heart to hear, so after some words between them he gives her the gold in her Lap, she promises to have him to her Chamber, has him to a Tavern door on the street side and bids him stay there while she went in to c ear her Chamber which he willing too, she marches through the house at a back door into an Alley where she left the French man to shift for himself, which was but a sorry shift, which is as followeth.

To the Yune of a Fig for France,



Come all you gallants listen well:
A merry jest I will you tell
'Tis of a Frenchman and a whore
The like you never heard before,
The jest was acted so compleat
'Twill make you laugh till you do sweat
Then French men take a special care
How you do trade with English ware.

A French man as it doth appear
Did come to try his fortune here
And with his brags he did unfold
He had two hundred pound in gold
With Baron Werling did he
Walk through the streets most gallantly
With a Spurr and Rapier by his side
As if he were a God of pride.

Then in a rage he deeply swore
He would go for an English whore
The Moon it seemed to shine bright
Which made him walk with great delight
Into Moor-fields he took his way
Where he espied a Lady gay,
Whom say the English hates the French
But he know that by this same wench.

Then unto her he stepped fast
And these same words he did relate
Quodams quoth he and please your will
To let me have of you my fill
And if to me you will agree
I will be bountiful and free,
I'd have you know the Lady said
I am no whore but still a maid.



Excuse me Madam in this case
 My thoughts don't judge as you are base
 For out of France I lately came
 To get a wife that is my aim,
 And if that you can fancy me
 Two hundred pound I will give thee.
 Then partly Easy fancy me
 And I'll maintain thee gallantly.
 With that this Whore she did reply
 A French man will both swear and lye
 You talk of hundreds where you go
 But not a penny for to show
 She with such speeches was so bold
 That he to her did show his Gold,
 Say then thought the Gold out of France
 Will make me play an English Dance.
 What is your will with me she said
 Since I so long have liv'd a Maid,
 'Tis not your glistening Gold so bright
 Shall tempt me with you to delight,
 Except that you will grant agree
 When you have done to marry me,
 I that I will the French man said,
 Then partly dear: I ben't afraid.
 I will not take your words quoth she
 For when you have done away you'll see
 No my sweetling understand
 My Gold thou shalt have in thy hand
 For I am in a mighty heat
 Here take it till I have done the feat
 She takes his Gold and then said here
 Go with me to my Lodging sure,
 He took her by the hand and went
 With her he seem'd to be content,
 And as in hand in hand they go
 Whether she led him he did not know.

For she did lead him up a Lane
 That he forgot from whence he came
 The French man (whose all is not well)
 For thou wilt lead me into hell.
 No my Dear the Lady said
 Of this same place be not afraid
 But stand bye here at this same door
 While I do step this in before
 To see where there my Chambers clear
 And then he call thee in my Dear:
 But now to see this coming Whore
 She slipped out at the back door.
 And there the French man staid in vain
 For not his Lady came again
 When his patience no longer would proceed
 He knocked at the door with speed
 The Maids of the house ask'd who was there
 Quoth he I am your only Dear,
 Then with a Popstick in her hand
 She knockt him down where he did stand
 And then she did him so to go
 Into his Whore as he did know
 And then the French man up and told
 He's lost two hundred pound in Gold
 Which when the people his tale heard
 They told I fear he was rightly serv'd
 Which made him with his French tongue rant
 And Rogues and Whores he did them call.
 The French man he did look as pale
 Just like a Dog without his tail
 The loss of his Money put him in fears
 He wish in the Roan he had lost his Cars
 He with the Stones did much inclose
 For he fell down and broke his Nose
 Which made him so to curse and swear
 He'd nere trade more with English Ware.